

THE NEWPORT MERCURY,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY
W. LEE BARDER,
At the Old Stage-Box, 123 Thames Street
(Opposite the Newport Female Seminary.)
TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75,
if payment is made strictly in ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the Low-
est Rates. Delusion made to those who ad-
vertise by the year.
No paper discontinued (unless at the dis-
cretion of the Proprietor, until arrears are paid.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1758.

Volume LXXXIX.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1850.

Number 4,626.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER, 1850.	Sun.	Sun.	M.	W.	Thurs.
	days	days	days	days	days
21 SATURDAY.	7 32 4 28	7 34 9 47			
22 SUNDAY.	7 32 4 28	8 40 10 45			
23 MONDAY.	7 32 4 28	9 58 11 45			
24 TUESDAY.	7 32 4 28	11 9 0 41			
25 WEDNESDAY.	7 32 4 28	12 11 1 58			
26 THURSDAY.	7 32 4 28	0 19 2 23			
27 FRIDAY.	7 31 4 20	1 26 1 11			

Moon's 3^d day, 25th day, 4th hour, 10 m. evening.

POETRY.

SONGS AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the ice.
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The drowsy loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music here,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!
A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped it well,
Where weary men might turn;
He would it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!
A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life a beacon ray,
A monitori flare.
The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!
A nameless man amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

SELECTED TALES.

From Certain's Union Magazine.

THE KENNEBEC CAPTIVE.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in this or any land, is to be found in the State of Maine. Her rivers are numerous and great, her mountains lofty and imposing, her sea coast iron bound and rough, boldly looking out upon old Ocean as he sweeps along with tides and storms, and saying, "Come on, sir, and I'll give you a hearty welcome; her inland lakes still sleeping in the wilderness, are large and magnificent, her valleys are warm and fertile, and her forests have yielded to none for the abundance and goodness of their timber. Even now her rivers send out salmon and lumber for the use of every part of the nation. At a very early period in the history of our country, settlers began to push up her beautiful rivers, and drop down singly or in small groups as they liked. She was a wild province of Massachusetts then; and her population grappling with all the hardships of the wilderness, and of her severe climate, was very sparse. Far up the enchanting Kennebec, at a very early day, were two families who had emigrated from the same neighborhood, and who had long been faithful friends. Old Mr. Redfield lived in a comfortable, but in no way imposing log house on the banks of the river. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, never believing the world to be wicked enough to cheat him, though almost every week taught him the opposite doctrine. He labored hard, was a good husband and father, a warm-hearted and humble Christian, and loving all men much but his God more. He honestly earned property, but could never make it stick to his fingers. His wife was a noble-hearted woman, who had relinquished brighter prospects that she might be happy with the man of her choice. And she had been happy. One by one their children had sickened in the wilderness, and they had carried them to the little opening in the forest which they had cleared for a burying-place. It was the first clearing he had made after reaching their new home; the briars and wild weeds were not allowed to grow there. At the time our story commences, Mr. Redfield had reached the age of sixty or more. His wife was ten years younger. Only one child remained to them, a staid, sober, quiet yet courageous boy, of about ten years of age, and he went by the plain name of Daniel Redfield.

of brick, gambrel roofed, and was surrounded by fruit trees and gardens, spacious barns and out houses. It stood in a pleasant valley, under the shadow of a lofty mountain. The vale had been cleared up, and the fields of wheat and corn, and the rich meadows of grass, caused the passer-by to stop and say, "Squire Ordway is well to do in the world." The "Squire" was a man, who like his neighbor, Redfield, was honest and kind; but in worldly wisdom he was far his superior. They had both come into the wilderness poor; but one was rich, and the other still dwelt under the shadow of the hill of wealth, without being able to climb it. His golden sands never seemed to roll down near him. But the "Squire" was up early and late; and the man who sold him a poor article, or a bad lot of lumber, or a salmon not of the first quality, must rise very early in the morning to do it. Mr. Ordway had a large family of boys. They were not very polished, for they had to rough it from their very infancy. Mutual dependence, and common privations teach the pioneers of the forest to be ready for any act of kindness which a neighbor needs; and no kinder neighbors than the Ordways could be found on the Kennebec. The parents were proud of their boys, for none could prostrate the forest, get out timber logs for the mill, hunt the moose, or catch salmon with more skill than they. But the pet of the flock was an only daughter, about four years old. She was the youngest and last child, wild as the forest blossoms about them, and as beautiful too. Little Susan was the idol of the family. The father and mother early discovered that she was "a remarkable child," and the boys received it as a fact not to be questioned. Hence they gathered flowers in the Spring, berries and fruit in the Summer, nuts in the Autumn, and planned slides and sled-drawings on the ice in the Winter, for "little Susan." Hence it is not to be wondered at that as she grew up, she found a will of her own, and that her little foot sometimes came down with a decision that was unbending.

As the two families advanced it was plain that the Ordways were to increase and spread, and grow wealthy. It was clear that the Redfields never would.—Daniel "took to books." Not that he disliked work, but he yearned for knowledge; so that there was not a book in the whole region of whose contents he was not a perfect master. Happening to light upon a stray Euclid, the parents wondered much over the beautiful figures which he drew on the white birch bark gathered from the forest. Every pitch pine root that he found was carefully saved to give him light for study after the labors of the day. At the age of seventeen, the father of Daniel began to droop. It was evident that he must die. Like a wise man, he had set his house in order; and the only regrets he had on the conviction that he must die, were that he left his widow and child so poorly endowed. But he knew the promises of God to the faithful, and his eye of faith did not grow dim.

A few days before he died, Squire Ordway came to pay his friend a visit. They had never quarreled and had no malice to overcome. They had lived and loved like brothers, and the tears which they now shed were of the true currency of the heart.

"I do not doubt it," said the dying man, "I do not doubt that you will advise and encourage the poor woman as a brother would; and she'll need it. I have my little farm paid for, and the cow and the pony; but that's all, neighbor. And then, my boy Daniel! I've tried hard, perhaps not so faithfully as I ought, to wean him from his books; but it's in him, and fire couldn't burn it out of him. What can be done for him and with him?"

"It's no use in trying, my old friend.—It's just as natural for him to study as for a trout to bite at a fly. Study he will, and study he must, and I'll promise to aid him all I can."

"God bless you for that, James Ordway. And if he don't feel grateful, and thank you, sure you are that you have the thanks of a dying father beforehand."

"Who can tell but that, like one of our tough logs which we send down the river, and which is worked into a beautiful house at Boston, he may become something that will honor us all."

So said the friend and neighbour, and the eye of the dying man kindled with joy, and hope was there to cheer him, and faith to strengthen him, and so his last interview

with his old friend was one of deep consolation.

The good man was buried in the little graveyard; and the deep snows soon laid their white sheet over him, and the winds that sighed through the lofty forest, tolled his requiem. In a short time, Mr. Ordway went to see the nearest educated mind in the region—a humble minister of the gospel—who lived in a poor shanty about six miles off through the woods, and who had followed his sheep there, to keep them from the wolves. The good man was a finished scholar, and with a smiling face told Ordway to send the young man without fee or reward. He promised to do so, but the Squire had occasion to go that way often, and it was noticed that he always stopped ostensibly to inquire about his protégé, but in reality to drop a bag of potatoes, a quarter of beef, a few yards of flannel, or some thing to add to the real comfort of the minister's family. Daniel was a good and profitable pupil. Twice a week on his pony, Shag, did he go to recite, and never without stopping at Mr. Ordway's a moment—since he must needs go past his door. It was soon found that Daniel could in a measure compensate Mr. Ordway, for he now gave lessons regularly to "little Susan," as she was still called, though she was now fairly in her teens. She had never manifested any very great love for books, but under Daniel's supervision, she actually studied and made rapid advances. It is impossible to tell why, but young misses do sometimes. They become apt scholars.

Time moved on, or else our story could not. The Revolutionary War had now broken out, and raged. The call of the infant nation, invoking the spirit of freedom, had penetrated even the wilderness; and the young Ordways every one dropped the axe, left their clearings, and had gone to join the army of Washington. Young Redfield had completed his college course, within a few months, by the great efforts and economy of his widowed mother, and the kindness of her husband's old friend, when the college was broken up by the war, and the students scattered. Daniel returned home to consult his mother and his friend Ordway, whether or not he should join the army also. It was a doubtful question; for though he was a good hunter, and a dead shot with the rifle, yet ten to one, but if he got hold of a book, the enemy might charge and ride over him ere he knew it. The widow felt that she could not have him go—he was her all. Mr. Ordway hesitated what to advise, and "little Susan," now eighteen, and as pretty and authoritative as ever, declared it was a shame; that he ought not to go and leave his aged mother; that it was lonesome to have every body go off, and that she was almost ready to enlist and become a soldier herself, rather than stay there in the woods so lonely!

While this grave question was undecided, young Redfield one morning took his rifle, and went up the Kennebec to hunt for moose. A moose is a large species of deer. If my readers never saw one, they have to imagine a round, fat horse, cut his tail off short, and leave him no tail, put an ass's head on him, with immense horns—often weighing ninety pounds—give him long, deer's legs and hoofs, and you have a pretty good moose. They weigh as much, and often more than a horse, and stand up much higher from the ground. Daniel went up the river, but night came on and he did not return. This gave no uneasiness. But after he had been gone two, three, and four days, the mother's heart began to grow alarmed. There had been a great rain, and if alive and well, why had he not come back? She caught old Shag, and went down to consult Mr. Ordway.—He at first thought the young man had been unsuccessful, and had determined to hunt until he had got a moose. Susan affected to laugh, and said "he undoubtedly had found moose enough, but probably had thrown a book at them instead of shooting; for her part, she had no doubt he was looking up the books he had thrown away!"—At the same time the poor girl stopped her sewing her fingers trembled so! Mr. Ordway procured an old hunter, and they scoured the forest in search. They found his trail, and followed it up to Moosehead Lake, where the Kennebec breaks out so wildly and so unexpectedly from that majestic lake. There he had shot a moose which was lying in the edge of the water where it fell. There they found his hunting-knife, as if dropped carelessly; but no farther could they trace him. The shore of the wild lake was stony, and no marks of the feet could be seen. In vain they

shouted, kindled fires, and fired their rifles; the echoes came down from far up the lake, but no other response. Had he fallen into the rapid river!—they could find no traces of him. After lingering and searching a couple of days, they returned towards home, occasionally firing their rifles, each in quick succession—the hunter's signal—hoping, though faintly, that he had reached home. But no, he was not there. It was a profound mystery. The widowed mother was almost crushed by the misfortune. Mr. Ordway sent all the way to the army, to see if by any possibility his son had seen or heard from young Redfield; but they had not. They had expected he would have joined them before this. So it continued to be a profound mystery. The mother made up her mind that he had fallen into the river somewhere, and was drowned. Ordway nearly coincided with her in opinion. As for Susan, she didn't, and she wouldn't believe, weak as he was, but that he knew enough to keep out of the water, or at least to rise up after he was dead and float! What her theory was she never told; but though she felt bad enough, it was not that choking grief which the certain death of our friends always brings. The old hunter asserted that there was a mighty spirit by the name of Kinnio, who owned that lake, and who sometimes destroyed people who came to his lake alone. His home was on a mountain in the middle of the lake, (now called Mount Kinnio) where he carried his victims, and ate them half-roasted! And he consoled the mourners with the assurance that he had no doubt but they could find some of the young man's bones the next season, thrown down the mountain!

Young Redfield had been lost, not forgotten, about two years, when a suitor, every way prepossessing, pressed himself at the "brick house," and in the most proper way possible, offered his hand and heart to Susan. To the surprise of all, she civilly declined both. The young man besought her parents to intercede for him. They did so, and to no purpose. He then sought the aid of the widow Redfield, and she had a talk with Miss Susan. To her surprise, the girl would talk of nothing but her son Daniel, his habits, his ability to swim, his power to take care of himself. To her own amazement, positive Susan didn't and wouldn't believe he was dead or ever had been. The widow almost forgot her errand, and went home, blaming herself for indulging hopes on the whim of a spoiled child. But she went to work in right good earnest to find Capeeno, an Indian who sometimes came in those parts. After great search Capeeno was found, and told that Miss Susan wanted to see him very much.

Capeeno was a Canadian Indian, of the Lorette tribe, and though his people were in the service of the British, and were fighting against the Americans, yet he had remained in the forests of Maine, and had not taken up the hatchet on either side.—He had received many kindnesses at the "brick house," and little "Susan" was a great favorite with him. He went to her, and long was their secret talk. Every day, for three days, did he come and sit and smoke, and listen to the persuasions of the "cattle squaw." At last he seemed to come to her views, for, on receiving the best blanket from her own bed, a pillow-case full of flour, a flask of powder and a strip of lead, which the naughty girl pulled from the roof of the house with her own hands, he left, struck into the woods, and was seen no more. The next storm that came, told that the lead was gone, but where gone, none knew. Who could steal it?

Just at the close of a sultry summer's day officers were walking arm-in-arm on the heights of Quebec, discussing the news of the late victory which Washington had obtained in New Jersey. They were amusing themselves at the whipping he was about to receive, evidently greatly mortified that the boot had been on the wrong foot of late.

"What would you give me for his neck," said one, "should Lord Howe catch him?"

"Just as much as I would for the necks of all congress, when we have once subdued them," said the other.

"Howe thought he had the ragged army of Washington, once so hemmed in, that he could not escape, but in the morning he was not there; the theatre had spectators, but no actors."

Fuit non ignobilis Argis.
Qui credidit miras audire tragædas,
as Virgil says, though I've forgotten the whole quotation," replied the other.

"With your honor's leave," said a voice near by,

Faut haud ignobilis Argis.
Qui ce credit miras audire tragædas.
In *vacuo letus sessor plausitque theatrum*, as Horace, not Virgil says.

"Who are you?"

"I am your honor's humble servant."

"Oh! my young friend, the prisoner whom I begged out of the hospital, and gave him unusual privileges, even when he won't give us his word that he won't run away if he can!—Well, I stand corrected as to my quotation and my author, though I should never expect a backwoodsman to be able to quote the classics. But you have so long refused to give your word, and be treated as a prisoner of war?"

"Because, sir, I am not a prisoner of war. I was captured far from the seat of war, a peaceful citizen, by your hired Indians, at Moosehead Lake."

"We will not dispute about that. While I feel sorry for you, I shall take care that you do not get away."

"You have just acknowledged, sir, that we do sometimes escape when you least expect it."

The officers looked at each other and passed on. The young man was left alone. He was pale, sad and evidently in poor health. From the lofty heights of Quebec, at sundown beat of the drum, he cast his eyes down on the glorious St. Lawrence, and then turned eastward, and sent his thoughts thick and fast through the almost interminable forests that lay in that direction. He had left the parade ground, and was making his way to the prison yard, when a hand beckoned him behind an angle of the wall.

"Me want see you."

"Who are you? It is so dark I cannot see you."

"Me know you—know your mother—know Shag—know brick house—know Susan. How long 'fore door shut up?"

"Perhaps twenty minutes—perhaps fifteen."

"Good. Me walk this side street, you mother. Keep hees eyes on me, and where me go."

The Indian shuffled off, saying aloud, "Yankee man mad, say whip me, he catch me, me get canoe, and he no find me."—So he had the appearance of having insulted a prisoner, and that prisoner had the appearance of following him in his resentment. Down the hill he went faster and faster, till he reached the St. Lawrence, where lay a canoe. In it stepped the Indian, barely pointing to another, which lay near it, and pushed off. The young man leaped in the other, and pushed after him as if in a race. Down the river they went a little way, and landed beyond Point Levy. They leaped ashore just as they heard the alarm sounded from the heights across the river, signifying the escape of a prisoner or a soldier. The Indian paused a moment, and listened and said, "white man too much noise—too much parade, lose trail while he drum." He led the way among the bushes as fast as the young man could follow. How far they went that night, the prisoner knows not. When morning came they were by the side of a river, just below some beautiful falls. For more than a mile they had waded in the river's edge, so as to conceal their footsteps. Here, just under the falls, was an opening from the water, which led into a cave. They crawled up, and were soon on a platform, high and dry, with a sufficiency of light. The young man was greatly exhausted, and lay down, leaning upon his elbow. The Indian set down before him, (*pedibus intortus*) bolt upright. His head was shaggy, with hair long, coarse and turning grey, like the mane of the moose. His only clothing was a dingy red shirt, and trousers of untanned deer-skin. His moccasins were the skin of a moose's hind leg, cut off a little below the joint, sewed up at one end, and drawn on and fitted to the foot while green. His teeth were mostly gone, and he looked as he was, a tough, short, powerful creature, afraid of nothing, having nothing to make or lose. They gazed at each other awhile; at length the young man said:

"I have followed you all night. I have put my life in your hands; now who are you, and what do you want of me?"

"You 'fraid of me?"

"No. If I had been, I should not have followed you. And now if you ain't the evil spirit, who are you?"

"Spose we meet Lorette Indians, they no hurt you. Me run, then you no can say who Indian be!"

"So you want to run if we are in dan-

ger, and leave me to my fate, and that, too, so that you can't be known!"

The Indian looked fierce for a moment, and drew out his hunting knife. The young man kept his eye carefully on him. From the bottom of the sheath there rolled out a small piece of paper, which he handed to the young man. He unrolled it and read:

"Should this ever meet the eyes of D. R., let him know that the bearer is trustworthy. Follow him implicitly."

SUSAN O."

Young Redfield sprang up and caught the Indian by the hand, and almost shouted question upon question.

He was ready to go—felt strong—could travel all day, and then fell back exhausted. The Indian took him by the hand, and some dried venison from his wallet, and bade him lie down and sleep till night if he could. Redfield did so, but his brain whirled. In a troubled sleep, he now dreamed of home, and then of his prison, then of Susan Ordway; then he heard the alarm bell, and the voices of men pursuing, and the baying of bloodhounds hard after him, and then he would awake and find that it was the roar of the falls near him! So he spent the day. At night they came out of their cave, and followed the course of the beautiful Chaudiere river, up towards its head waters. This charming valley was already occupied by the French population, and they were compelled to travel in the night, and lie by during the day. Their progress was necessarily slow. On the fourth day the Indian crept out of their covert, and saw several horsemen coming towards them. He knew instantly that they were British soldiers in pursuit.—They were on a hill about half a mile distant, and had to descend into a valley, and rise another hill before they reached him. He gazed at them earnestly till they descended the hill, and then he sprang up like a cat. He made the prisoner run to the roadside and climb up into a thick evergreen, far up out of sight. He then took off his moccasins and hid them; then he turned his red shirt, and it was yellow; he turned his skin trousers, and they were a dirty kind of green. He drew a cap so tight over his head that it almost made the head ache to look at it. Then he sat down under a tree, and very composedly began to smoke. The horsemen came up to him at a brisk pace, and surrounded him, with pistols in hand.

"Move a foot you dog of an Indian, and you are dead. Shoot him if he moves."

The Indian smoked on, evidently not able to understand a word, and as unmoved as a rock.

The commander then interrogated him in French.

"Who are you?"

"Lorette Indian."

"What are you here for?"

"Me run catch prisoner; have much blanket when catch him."

"Men," said the officer, "were any Lorettes sent out? This fellow don't look as if he could run much."

"Yes, sir, half a dozen were sent out, but this fellow—"

"You say you are after the prisoner.—Now speak the truth, or our pistols will make daylight shine through you. What was the prisoner's name?"

"Redfield, captain say."

"And who do you suppose went off with him? I wish I could meet him!"

"Indians say, strange Indian, Capeeno, short man, no bigger as I. He had Indian—steal away prisoner."

"Where are the rest of your runners?"

The Indian pointed to the smoke among the trees. The soldiers put up their pistols, came into a line and went away.—Poor Redfield in the tree breathed easier, but Capeeno kept on smoking, as unmoved as if he had been in no danger. Whether the smoke which he saw really did arise from the camp of the Lorette runners he did not say. But he left Chaudiere, and struck through the woods in a direct line, until they reached the De Loup (Wolf River) whose channel they followed all night, only stopping to listen as they heard the howl of the wolf, or the crashing tread of the moose. Then they went to the head-lakes, from which the Chaudiere rises.—here they paused and built a bark canoe. The cedar for bows and lining, the birch for the bark, and the spruce roots for thread, were all to be found here in abundance. They went through the mighty forest, and lakes which give rise to the great Penobscot, killing moose and catching trout for food.

The Indian was surprised to find that the young man would stop every seventh day and read all day from a little book, and no persuasion could move him. He wondered too, what made him read that little scroll of paper so often, which he had brought in the sheath of his knife. They then struck the Penobscot, carrying their canoe from lake to lake, and from lake to river, till they came down that river to a great island, opposite which there came in a little brook. Up this they turned, and, after one more crossing place, they struck the upper end of Moosehead Lake. How beautiful! how beautiful! In three days more, early in the morning, the widow Redfield looked out of her door, and saw Capeeno approaching, with a stranger behind him. She shaded her eyes from the morning sun a moment, and then, with a scream of agonized joy, fell to the ground. When she awoke, she and her son were weeping in each other's arms. That very day the Indian took Daniel, nothing left, to the brick house. Susan was glad, and was

achieved to be glad. She laughed to appear indifferent, and wept because her emotions must have some vent. She appeared to know very little about his deliverance; but Capeens went away in a new suit of clothes, a new rifle, and I know not what besides.

Bah! Susan! you need not blush.—You redeemed a noble fellow from captivity, and you found that he not only made a great and good man, but a good husband, as you did a devoted and noble wife.

Recipes. Useful Suggestions, &c.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—8 eggs, 8 oz. of butter, 8 of sugar, nutmeg. Beat up the eggs, put them into a stew-pan with the sugar and butter, nutmeg to taste, set it on a stove or fire of coals, stirring it constantly until it thickens, then pour it into a basin to cool. Set a rich paste round the edge of your dish, pour in your pudding, and bake it in a moderate oven. A most delicious and elegant article.

AN APPLE PUDDING DUMPLING.—Put into a nice paste, quartered apples, tie up in a flour cloth, and boil two hours; serve with sweet sauce.

Pears, plums, peaches, &c., are fine done this way.

HOW TO KEEP PRESERVES.—Apply the white of an egg with a suitable brush to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover over the jars; the paper must be sufficiently large to cover over the edges an inch or two, and will require no tyeing, becoming, when dry, inconceivably tight and strong, and impervious to the air.

STAIR CARPETS.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth, so as to lie a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

TO PREVENT LAMPS SMOKING.—It is very often difficult to get a good light from a lamp, and yet keep it from smoking, but if the wick is first soaked in strong vinegar, and then thoroughly dried, this annoyance will be prevented. Still the wick must not be put up too high.

TO EXTRACT INK FROM FLOORS.—Remove ink from floors, by scouring them with sand, wet with water and the oil of vitriol, mixed. Then rinse them with strong saleratus water.

TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.—There is frequently some trouble in cleaning the inside of jars that have had sweetmeats, pickles, mince-meat, or other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty are wanted for further use. This can be done in a few minutes without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jar with hot water, (it need not be scalding hot,) and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of pearlash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking about the sides and bottom of the jar will immediately be seen to disengage itself, and flow loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill it again with warm water and pearlash, and let it stand undisturbed a few hours, or till next day; then empty it again, and rinse it with cold water.

Wash phials in the same manner. Also, the insides of keittles, or any thing which you wish to purify or clear from grease or expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearlash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well by filling the vessels with strong lye, poured off clear from the wood-ashes. Pot kags, buckets, crocks, or other very large vessels, lye may be always used.

THE CAPTIVE DAUGHTER OF MRS. WHITE.—The St. Louis Republican publishes the circular of the commissioner of Indian Affairs, addressed to D. D. Mitchell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, apprising him that a reward of one thousand dollars is offered by the Indian Bureau for the recovery of the captive daughter of the late J. M. White.

The Commissioner states that Congress having appropriated fifteen hundred dollars for the redemption of this child, he is anxious that the money should be so expended as to give full effect to the benevolent intention of that body.

"From the latest information received upon the subject," he says, "it is believed that she yet remains in captivity among the Apaches proper, or that mixed band termed 'Incillares,' which for years past have infested the vicinity of San Fernandez de Taos, the country between it and Bent's Fort, and the Santa Fe road, near the settlement of New Mexico; yet it is possible that she may have been sold by her captors to Indians of some other tribe. She is now about three years of age.

ANTI-SHAVING.—A cotemporary has given his readers a few figures on the subject of shaving. He says a man who shaves seven times a week, spending ten minutes in each operation, uses up 61 hours in the year—and if the person lives to the age of fourscore years, he will have spent the working hours of a leap-year with razor in hand.

Now let us cipher a little farther on the subject. The number of males in the United States is about ten millions, each of whom must shave, on an average, at least fifteen years. If they shave every day—and no person can keep his face free from beard, and carry out the idea of shaving fully, unless he shaves every day—the coming generation will spend 915,000,000 of days' work in shaving, equal to \$915,000,000. Allowing each to expend \$5 for razors, strops, brushes and soap, the aggregate cost of the articles will be \$50,000,000, making the whole cost of shaving in the United States for one generation \$965,000,000.—*Railway Times.*

A SABBATH KEEPING WHALER.—A writer in the Boston Traveller, commenting upon the departure from New Bedford of the beautiful new ship Arctic, on a whaling voyage, says:

"There is an interesting item of information connected with the Arctic's first voyage, which you are at liberty to publish, if you see fit. The Arctic is bound on a right whale voyage to the Northwest Coast of America, and is commanded by Capt. Charles Gilett, of Kingston, Mass., a member of the Evangelical Congregational Church in that place, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Jos. Peckham.

"Capt. Gilett carries his religion to sea, and is governed by religious principles in conducting a voyage. For one or two past voyages, he has kept the Sabbath and held religious services on board his vessel while on the voyage, and has not lowered a boat on Sunday to take whales, however great the temptation. The God of the sea has blessed him, temporarily and spiritually in his course, for he has made short and successful voyages even if he did keep one seventh of the time holy, and has returned with a full ship and faithful crew, more or less interested in religion.

"The Arctic and her commander and men start anew on this noble plan, not to lower for whales, nor do any unnecessary work on the Sabbath. On that day she is to be a 'floating Bethel,' an house to worship God, and I am informed on good authority that the officers and some of the crew chose to make a voyage in this ship because the Captain means to worship and fear God off soundings—and will not such officers, and crew prove in the end to be the best men for a voyage! When will owners learn that to make their vessels Sabbath-keeping arks.

GAMBLING IN CINCINNATI.—Last week in Cincinnati, nests of gamblers were discovered by the Police in forty or fifty different houses of the city, and four or five hundred persons during the week were found engaged in play. Some of the young men they discovered are unable to pay even their board bills and have even forfeited their clothing and other personal effects to their landlords, that they might use all their ready cash in gambling. Some heads of families were seen there also, whose wives and children were suffering for the common necessities of life, because of the losses at the Quino table of those who should be their natural protectors.—This vice has fastened itself upon the vitals of society, corrupting the young men who are soon or ought soon to be its active and influential members. Even the officers who made these discoveries, accustomed as they were to the unfolding of vice and crime, were bewildered with astonishment at what they saw at, and learned of these moral pest-houses. A descent was made on Sunday night upon these 'hells,' and up to that evening every particular of the plan of operations was kept almost a secret. But notwithstanding the precautions taken to insure a surprise to the offenders, many of the keepers of the gaming tables got wind of the movement in time to close their rooms before the arrival of the officers.—There was 'galaxy enough for one night' however, achieved in the arrest of the keepers of three or four of the principal establishments, who were 'caught in the very act.'

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.—We never saw a more forcible exemplification of the sublime and ridiculous than we witnessed to-day while standing on the railroad bridge at Yorkville, watching the approach of a rain from the city. Onward came the fiery dragon of steam, with snort, and rumble, and roar, while a country dog on a bank near by was watching it with a dilating eye. As it neared he gave a short quick bark, and went forth to meet the bank, and, as if he were merely seizing a vagrant pig, was about to take the locomotive by the ear, when I heard a single scream, like the top note of a fiddle, and then all was still. The train swept on, and while we were supposing it had been a man, there came limping slowly up the bank our four-footed 'brave.' When he reached the bridge he looked after the train flitting into distance, and said, in plain English as ever a dog spoke in the world, 'I am afraid I made a little mistake in challenging that fellow. I didn't exactly know his breed.' And after licking his forefoot he limped away a 'sadder and a wiser dog.'—*Knickerbocker.*

ALLIGATOR SHOOTING.—On a recent trip of the R. C. Oglesby from New Orleans to Alexandria, in about one hour and in a run of 20 miles three passengers killed 55 alligators.

These creatures have been driven out of the Mississippi river but their number does not seem to diminish in Red River. Every boat plying on that river carries guns and ammunition, and the passengers and officers amuse themselves in killing these lizards. Thousands are annually destroyed; but the dismal region extending from the mouth for one hundred and fifty miles, furnishes them retreats in which their young are reared. They are as abundant now as they were fifty years ago. In Florida they are now extensively killed for their oil—the tough skin on their belly is tanned and used as saddles. An inexhaustible supply is annually produced.

MORE BURGLARIES.—The store of Mr. P. B. Howard, in Wareham, was entered on Wednesday night and robbed of about seventy dollars in money, and a trifle amount in goods. The burglars first broke into a smithy where they possessed themselves of tools which enabled them to force an entrance to Mr. Howard's store, and by means of gunpowder to force the iron safe, where the money was deposited.

In South Dartmouth on Tuesday night the store of Mr. Sherman was entered, and robbed of about \$10 in money.

The two men who were arrested a few days since on suspicion of having been concerned in the robbery from the store of Messrs. Rodman & Simmons, in Fall River, have been discharged from custody. N. B. Mercury.

BY THE MAIL.

DISTRESSING AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—Joseph H. Dwight, a seaman on board sloop Oregon, of Providence was accidentally shot on Saturday afternoon last coming up the river from New York. The crew of the vessel had been amusing themselves by firing at sea fowls, and the captain left a gun, loaded with coarse duck shot, leaning against a bale of cotton. It is supposed that the deceased was engaged in removing some cotton, and while so employed the gun went off, and the whole contents entered under his arm on the left side. The report of the gun attracted the attention of the crew, who went immediately to his assistance. The only words he uttered after he was shot were, 'I have shot myself, and am dead.' Medical assistance was procured, but he died in about an hour. His body will be put in a tomb for a short time, that his friends may see and bury his remains, if they should hear of this calamity. Otherwise he will be buried, after waiting a reasonable length of time. His friends can call on Rev. J. Orrell, the Bethel minister, or on Joseph A. Chedel, 123 South Water street, for further information. Mr. Dwight was about twenty years of age, and has left a mother to mourn his loss.

Providence Journal, Monday.

MURDER IN MISSISSIPPI.—The supposed Murderer Arrested.—An old citizen of Amite county, Miss., Mr. Francis Buckner, was murdered at his residence, near Centerville, on Sunday night, the 24th ult. It was a cold-blooded, mercenary murder. To hide the deed, the perpetrator set fire to the house, in hopes, no doubt, his victim would be consumed where he lay; but the purpose failed. The neighbors attracted by the light hastened to the house, and found the old man a corpse on the floor of his room, in his night dress. The deed is said to have been done with a hatchet.—Suspicion is attached to a man named Campbell, an itinerant lecturer on astronomy. He had been at the house of Mr. Buckner several days—long enough to learn that he was in possession of considerable money. The apparatus of this astronomical lecturer was found in the house, he had fled. A reward of two thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension.—He was pursued and traced, and we learn from the *Bayou Sara Ledger*, was captured just above Waterloo, in the parish of Pointe Coupee, on the 27th ult., just three days after the fiendish act was committed.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—The venerable Judge Wilson, whose lamentable decease occurred at his residence in this city, on the morning of the 17th ult., was, we believe, the oldest champion of the newspaper press in the West. He retired from editorial labor, however, a number of years ago; but his whole life having been spent in that capacity, newspaper reading, very naturally, continued to be one of his chief delights. After suffering the most excruciating pain from 11 o'clock Wednesday night until 8 on Thursday morning, his physical energies were very much exhausted, and his physicians pronounced his case hopeless; but the calm old man, in a temporary cessation from pain, coolly remarked:—"Hand me the morning paper." His organs of vision refused to serve him, and he continued, "Open the window shutter." It was done as he desired, (though the room was already well lighted) yet still he could not read, and quietly laid down the paper, conscious that his earthly career was at an end. In a few moments his power of speech left him, and in less than three hours he ceased to breathe.

Steubenville Messenger.

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.—Great sensation has been caused in the department of the Charente by the arrest of the Countess du S— and of the cure of the commune of St. Germain, on the charge of having poisoned the servant of the latter, in order to prevent her from revealing the adulterous connection existing between them. The body of the servant, which the cure had caused to be buried in great haste, has been dug up, and the poison discovered in it. When the Count du S—, a highly honorable man, heard of the horrible accusation against his wife, he proposed to her that they should both commit suicide, and should make their child, aged eight, die with them. The Countess consented. A pan of charcoal was lighted, and the three fastened themselves in a close room. When, however, the father saw his son struggling in the agonies of death, his courage failed him, and he broke the window for air. Medical assistance having been promptly afforded, all three recovered.—The Countess and her clerical paramour were lodged in the jail of Angoulême to await their trial for the alleged murder.

Galvani's Messenger.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.—A distressing occurrence took place at the hotel kept by Mrs. Myers, in Pine Plains, on Wednesday night of last week. It appears that the landlady lighted a charcoal fire in her room during the evening, in a stove which connected with a drum in an upper room occupied as a lodging room, and tenanted that night by Mr. William Nie, who had stopped there for the night, intending to start for the West, in company with a sister, the following day. On Thursday morning he was found dead in his bed, and another lodger in the house, occupying an adjoining room, was found in a state of insensibility, from which it required the most persevering and skillful efforts to arouse him. The cause of this sad affliction is attributed to the gas from the charcoal fire, which escaped from the drum, and which it is supposed the heavy, lowly state of the atmosphere prevented from passing off through the chimney—destroying the draft and forcing the foul air to the sleeping rooms.

The occurrence has cast a deep gloom over the community in which it took place, as Mr. N. was a young man much respected and beloved by a large circle of friends.

Poughkeepsie Journal.

HORSE IN A CELLAR.—A singular train of accidents took place in Fore street, yesterday afternoon. A horse attached to a buggy, driven by a sailor, became unmanageable, and came down from Gurnham's Corner, along Fore street, at a furious rate, and when opposite the store of Messrs. Tinkham & Jewett, ran against a wagon in which sat Capt. Aaron Winslow, of Westport, whirling it upside down, and throwing Capt. W. headlong upon the frozen ground. The sailor's wagon was left a wreck upon the spot, but he hung to the reins, and was dragged for some distance, when the truckmen on the street succeeded in stopping his horse.

Capt. Winslow received some severe, but apparently not dangerous contusions; he was taken into the counting room of Messrs. Tinkham and Jewett, where his wounds were dressed; but for a time he could not comprehend how he had been hurt. Meanwhile, his horse, freed from the vehicle to which he had been attached, by the breaking of both arms, and whiffles, made a spring to get clear of such a dangerous neighborhood, but mistaking the store of Messrs. T. & W. H. Shaw, for Plum street, probably dashed into it, scattering the boxes of raisins, bags of nuts and flour barrels hither and yon, and concluded his explorations by jumping down through the trap door into the cellar, from which he was eventually hoisted up in an ox-sling—apparently as good as ever.

Several persons were in the store at the time, and their escape from harm seems almost miraculous.—*Portland Advertiser.*

FATAL MISTAKE.—Child Poisoned.—The family of Mrs. Hannah M. Knapp, residing at No. 114 Church street, were on Thursday evening thrown into the deepest distress by the death of their infant child Harriet, four months old, which was caused by its mother administering laudanum instead of paregoric to it. The child, it appears, was restless, and apparently quite unwell in the afternoon, and Mrs. Knapp sent Alexander Girvin, a boy to the drug store of Joseph Payton, corner of Chamber and Church streets, to purchase three cents' worth of paregoric. The lad, accompanied by another boy, named Benjamin F. Stone and two other boys, went as directed, and soon returned with a vial containing (as was supposed) the paregoric. Mrs. K. gave her child about a teaspoon full of it, but soon after discovered that its color was darker than that of paregoric; she immediately despatched her father to Rushon & Clark's store, who, on examining the medicine, pronounced it to be laudanum. A physician was immediately sent for, but all efforts to save the child's life were unavailing, and it died during the night. Coroner Geer was yesterday called to hold an inquest on the body. The two boys above named testified that they procured the medicine at the store to which they had been sent, while Mr. Payton, the proprietor of the store, and George Purcell, as strongly swore, that it was not procured at their drug store. Other evidence was adduced, which tend strongly to corroborate the statement of the boys, and the jury, after a brief absence, came in with the following verdict, viz:—"That the deceased came to her death by an over-dose of laudanum purchased at the drug store corner of Chamber and Church streets kept by Joseph Payton. The testimony taken in this matter will be laid before the Grand Jury for future action."—*N. Y. Courier.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—RETURNED FUGITIVE.—Some few weeks since, a negro named Cammack, six feet two inches in height, made his escape from the Indiana Penitentiary at Jeffersonville. He was from Crawford county, In., was sentenced for horse stealing, and had served all save sixteen months of his term of seven years. It appears Cammack came to this side of the river, went to the interior of the State, and was arrested and lodged in jail at Cynthiana on suspicion of being a runaway negro. A few mornings since he succeeded in breaking out of the Cynthiana jail, and immediately making his way to Frankfort, got on board the Steamer Sea Gull Sunday morning, reached here the same night, and without any delay procured a skiff, crossed the river, went to the Penitentiary, and when the prison doors were opened yesterday morning, he was there demanding admission to his old quarters. He said he had been unhappy ever since he left, and preferred remaining there than to be at large and always looking behind him fearing pursuit.

Louisville Courier, Dec. 10th.

ANOTHER Railroad bridge fatality occurred on Friday last on the New London and Williamamatic Railroad. On the morning of that day, as the down freight train was moving at its usual speed, a few miles from New London, the conductor observed a brakeman, named Backus, lying upon his face on the top of one of the cars. It being a bitter cold day, the conductor presumed that he had taken that position as a partial protection from the piercing wind, and at the time took no further notice of it. But having again and again seen him lying motionless, the officers of the train became alarmed, and on hastening to him, found that he was nearly lifeless, having been struck on the back of his head by a bridge. The unfortunate man lived but a little while after he was found.

FROM HAYTI.—Brig Frederick, Captain Crosby, brings Port au Prince dates to December 1st. The panic concerning the cholera in Jamaica had entirely subsided. Souloque was to be crowned emperor on Christmas day. His crown and other insignia of royalty had been received from France. Three men from Aux Cayes had been publicly shot for political offences. The emperor had gone with his new fleet to a port about twenty miles distant, on a pleasure excursion, the alleged object being to "christen" a house. The new crop of coffee comes in slowly having been retarded by severe rains. The paper money of the island was at the rate of ten dollars for one of silver. American provisions were plenty, and dull of sale.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN PROVIDENCE, not the oldest of the Baptists in America Attempted to be shown by S. Adlam, Pastor of the First Church in Newport R. I. Newport: Cranston and Norman's Power Press 1850.

Here is a pamphlet which, we apprehend, will give our Providence friends, in the Historical and Ecclesiastical Departments, a winter's work. It proves conclusively, to our mind, the points it proposes to establish: That the Bell, the Tablet and the Records of the First Church in Providence all lie under a mistake in dating the origin of that Church at 1639 when it was not founded, in fact, till 1652; that the first church in Newport, so far from being younger than the Providence Church, is not only 8 years older, dating from 1644, but is the Mother Church of the Baptists in America; and other interesting points not vitally essential to the main argument. One of the practical consequences of this discovery, when our Providence neighbours yield the point, (which they certainly will have to) would seem to me that Dr. Hague should repeat his Bi-centennial Discourse year after next, with appropriate alterations and additions.

Mr. Adlam deserves our warm thanks for this ingenious and interesting contribution not only to Baptist History and Rhode Island History, but to the History of our Town, a History which ought to have been begun many years ago and which we hope will not much longer be neglected. The pamphlet does credit to the writer's power of argument and statement and credit, we would add, to the Newport Press.

We are curious to hear from our friend in Providence on the subject.

ABRAHAM LARNED.—We are informed that this individual, on being taken to the Bank at Charlestown, the scene of his burglarious exploits, requested the Directors to post their books, and ascertain the whole amount of cost and expenses they had incurred thereof. Having ascertained the amount, he promptly paid it over to them. He was then taken before a magistrate for examination, and pleaded not guilty, but waived an examination, and requested the magistrate to put the bonds as low as possible, to enable him to get bail, so as to go home and arrange his affairs before going to prison. The bail was accordingly fixed at \$2500. It was necessary that one of his bondsmen should belong to New Hampshire, so Abijah deposited \$1300 in the hands of a gentleman there, who with a friend of Abijah's from this State, went bail for him, and he is again at large. We have not heard whether the directors have returned the burglar's tools which were captured in the wagon with the money.

Worcester Spy.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—A singular occurrence happened in the village of Piedmont, N. H., last week. Two little children, one five and the other three years of age, having strayed from home, and not returning at dark, inquiries were made for them by the parents, and as no trace could be found of them, a general search throughout the night was made by the people of the village. In the morning the children were discovered in an open field lying upon the frozen ground, and locked in each other's arms—one sleeping soundly, and the other awake. Although the night was a severe one, the little ones have shown as yet no ill effects from the exposure. It is a truly wonderful how two such little children could pass a Winter's night upon the cold frozen ground without perishing.

Boston Transcript.

FISHING VESSELS AT GLOUCESTER.—Since the 1st inst. about 12 vessels have been sold at Gloucester to go to Cape Cod and Ports in Maine. These vessels have brought fair prices, varying from 2,000 to 4,000 dollars each. To replace these and to keep the fleet good, twenty vessels have been lately contracted for at Essex to go to Gloucester. These will be clipper vessels of the most superior model and finish, from 70 to 90 tons burthen, and at a cost of about 4,000 dollars each. The ship builders at Essex have contracts for all the vessels they can build for several months to come.—The fleet from Gloucester the next year will consist of about 200 vessels, of 70 tons each, employing nearly 2,000 men.—The fisheries at Gloucester are managed with a skill and enterprise not surpassed in the United States.—*Boston Traveller.*

RAILROAD IN PERU.—A letter in the Sun of this morning says that the railroad between the city of Lima and Callao, eight miles distant, is completed. The President of the Republic his Cabinet, and a number of the prominent men in the country, assembled at Lima on the 8th of November to make a trial trip on the road.—Before the train had proceeded a mile, the locomotive ran off the track, one man was killed, and three others were wounded.—This accident is unfortunate, as its tendency would be to prejudice the public mind as to the practicability of the road.

KHOJAH EFFENDI was once invited to a banquet; he went in an old, dirty, and tattered garment, and, of course, found no one paid him the slightest attention. Quietly slipping away, he decked himself in a splendid pelisse and new trousers and returned to the scene of festivity. He was received with honor at the door, saluted with a shower of compliments, and, conducted to the highest seat. As the dishes were presented to him, he dipped in each the sleeves of his pelisse.

"Kojah Effendi!" exclaimed the astonished guests, "what are you doing?" He replied, "Since all the respect shown me is owing to my garments, it is but fair that they should participate in the feast."

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscrete exertion of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill; and we should sleep in tranquillity when it roared the loudest.

DEATH is not so much to be feared as an evil course of living.

NEWPORT MEMOIRY, NEWPORT.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 11, 1859

We observe that many of our townsmen, who sought their fortunes in California, are returning—not loaded with the precious spoils, but worn out with the toil and hardship they have had to undergo. As far as we can learn, not one has realized his expectations, though a few express themselves satisfied; for they have done better and have accumulated more than they could have possibly earned, had they, for the same time, followed their various callings at home. While on the other hand, sickness and want follow in the footsteps of the most industrious, proving to them that fortune is fickle, and that the California scheme, if not positively bad, is an exceedingly unsafe one.

We are credibly informed that but a very small majority of the miners realize a handsome return for their efforts. About ten to the hundred are counted "fortunates"; one fifth may be able to pay their expenses, and the rest, after working until their health, means and provisions are gone, manage to crawl down to San Francisco, where they drag their miserable bodies through the streets, begging work, that they may obtain food enough to sustain them. Thousands are seen wandering about in a sad plight—ragged, dirty and half starved; while an equal number are running to and fro, anxious to reach the mines at the earliest moment and commence the golden harvest.

All is bustle and confusion at San Francisco—a population of one hundred thousand, all intent on one object, and each striving to outwit his neighbor. It is truly a city of sharpers; and it probably contains more of what the world calls "business talent," than any city in the States.—Almost every town and village in the United States is there represented; and from our cities thousands have gone forth to participate in the excitement, and to share the boundless wealth. The result of this great influx has been to injure the trade, which has not been thoroughly studied, and therefore not firmly based. Shipment after shipment has been made without a knowledge of the market, or of the vast quantity already shipped, and the consequence is, that goods are often left, uncared for, in the streets, as not worth carting and storage. In this way New England has lost large sums, and still larger sums are constantly lost through the dishonesty of houses to whom shipments have been made. With the latter, a fire is looked upon as a windfall; as after such a visitation, it only requires a little stretching of an elastic conscience to secure all the funds lying in their hands.—Par exemple: A merchant receives consignments from A, B and C.—The goods, if at all marketable, are sold as soon as landed—perhaps on the receipt of invoice. The gold is paid over, and remains in the hands of the consignee, he merely acknowledging the receipt of goods, and making a show of interest in their future sale. Soon, a fire occurs, when he immediately sends off no small number of letters to the consigners, expressing regret that in the late conflagration, our entire stock was consumed, together with your consignment. This is a great loss to us, and it is a matter of deep regret that you also must suffer; the more especially as the market had taken a turn favorable to your consignment, which, but for this event, would have shortly paid a large per centage." Such is too often the mode in which business is transacted in California; and as the parties interested are widely separated, no check can be put upon fraudulent transactions, until the country becomes more settled, and the government established on a broader basis.

From various remarks that have recently been made in regard to the removal of the blasted tree at the head of Thames street, known as Liberty Tree, we have been led to examine the original deed and the tenure by which the property is now held. The Tree, with the land on which it stands was given by Wm. Read, April 14, 1766, to certain persons, in trust; to commemorate the noble opposition to the Stamp Act, made by the Sons of Liberty in Newport. The Tree and land on which it stands, are set apart for the use of all true born Sons of Liberty, from age to age, and in all time and ages to come. From this it is evident, that Mr. Read, in giving the tree and land, and in placing them in the hands of Trustees with power to appoint their successors, aimed and desired to have at all times, a good and sightly Tree dedicated to Liberty, and growing on the land given for that purpose; and it is in compliance with, and a desire to set up to the letter of the deed that the present Trustees are preparing to remove the worn and blasted trunk that now spreads its ghastly limbs in winter and summer, and place on the same spot a strong and vigorous tree, which shall be dedicated with equal zeal to the cause of Liberty and which shall be held sacred as the successor of the one that has withered and decayed through the lapse of time.

CASH FOR 1850.

CITIZENS OF NEWPORT AND ITS VICINITY.

ATTEND to your interest and learn from this short notice that we have in store, and are constantly having manufactured expressly for our trade, in the best style,

OVER COATS & SACKS, DRESS & FROCK COATS,

made from Beaver Cloth, Broadcloths, Cassimere, Tweeds and a variety of other goods.

Pantalons & Vests

made from the most desirable goods to be found in the market, for Fall and Winter wear.

BOYS' CLOTHING,

a great variety, and prices much lower than ever before offered by us.

FURNISHING GOODS,

such as plain and fancy Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Cravats, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Gloves, &c. &c.

Under Shirts & Drawers,

VERY GREAT.

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, SHAVING SOAPS, PERFUMERY,

All of which will be sold at prices that **CANNOT BE BEAT.**

All we ask of you is to give us an opportunity to show the goods, and name the prices.

—AT THE—

OREGON CLOTHING STORE

Corner of Thames and Franklin Streets.

J. M. HAMMETT. S. HAMMETT.

(October 12.)

October 6, 1850.

WM. C. COZZENS & CO.

HAVE received, and now offer for sale at the very lowest prices, a large & very desirable assortment of seasonable & fashionable

DRY GOODS,

embracing a beautiful assortment of Plain and Fancy Dress Silks, Cashmere and Mouseline de Laines, Silk Warp Thibets, French Merinos, cheap Thibets, Long and Square Shawls, Ribbons, and almost every article ever expected to be found in a well assorted Dry Goods and Carpet Store.

BLUE MIXED, Dark Blue, and Red Twilled

Flannels, Red, Yellow & White, Plain do Domestic & Cotton do. at

J. H. HAMMETT'S.

September 7, 1850.

TO LET,

And possession given immediately.

THE DWELLING HOUSE situated in

Chlorke street belonging to Charles B. King, Esq. For terms apply to

P. P. REMINGTON.

Sept. 21, 1850.

—AGENCY—

OF Dr. S. S. FITCH'S celebrated Medicine

used by him with such distinguished success in the cure of coughs, consumption, catarrh

Asthma, Heart Diseases, Dyspepsia, Piles, Female complaints, &c. &c.

Dr. S. S. FITCH'S Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, and Inhalant Tubes. Also, lectures on consumption, and the art of preserving life and health to Old Age, &c.

Dr. Fitch's "Guide Book to Invalids" may be had gratuitously, by calling for it at

J. TAYLOR'S 102 Thames Street.

WOOD, BRICKS, STONE, COAL &c.

ON Deven's Wharf, 100 cords of Pine, Oak and Maple WOOD, 7000 Danvers BRICK—hard pressed—suitable for sidewalks; 10,000 feet flat and curb STONE. For sale by

CHARLES DEVENS, Jr.

Oct. 27.

REMNANTS OF CALICO.—A lot of bright colored, small figured calico remnants, for sale very cheap by

F. LAWTON & BROS.

Oct. 26.

WILLIAM H. BLISS,

—DEALER IN—

RANGES, HOT AIR FURNACES, PARLOR, OFFICE & COOKING STOVES, OF THE MOST APPROVED PATTERNS.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

COPPER, TIN, AND SHEET IRON WARE

At Wholesale and Retail.

Jan. 12. 1850.

THE

GROCERY Establishment

REFURNISHED.

NEWTON BROTHERS, 180 and 188 Thames street offer for sale the following fresh stock of groceries just received per sloop Rienzi:

600 lbs Superfine Flour,

250 bags Extra Buckwheat,

200 " Cotton Mill Flour,

100 boxes Western Cheese,

40 lbs Stewart's Refined Sugar,

30 bags Squira and Java Coffee,

25 lbs Pilot Brand and Crackers,

60 boxes New Raisins,

35 " Ground Spices,

20 " Pearl Starch,

Also a great variety of other goods all of which will be sold, as usual, at the very lowest price.

Nov. 2.

Wide Silk Velvets,

BLACK, Blue, Green, and Maroon Mantilla Velvets, opened this day, by

F. LAWTON & BROTHERS.

November 9, 1850.

NEW SUPPLY.

B. H. TISDALE & SON have just received

a new and rich assortment of Jewelry, Watches, and Fancy Goods, to which they invite the attention of the public. The prices are low, and among the goods are many new and curious

Fancy Articles. 135 Thames st.

Nov. 9.

Winter Goods.

WM. C. COZZENS & CO,

Nov. 23d,

HAVE received during the past week from Boston a great variety of Fall and Winter Goods, which added to our former Fall supplies, makes our assortment full and well worthy of the examination of purchasers. Among them are Mouseline de Laines in very great variety, Merinos, Thibets, and Indian Cloth, Trimmings, Alpaca, &c. &c.

Also, a few very desirable patterns of Carpets, very good and cheap—cheaper than they will be next Spring, unless wool should be lower than it is now.

BRASS FOUNDER, PLUMBER AND COPPER SMITH.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friend and the public that he is prepared to execute orders in the line of his business, and on the most reasonable terms.

He keeps on hand, constantly on hand, repaired in the neat and substantial manner. He has a large assortment of the latest invention of

COPPER & IRON PUMPS,

among which may be enumerated—Farnam's patent Hydraulic Double Action Lift and Force, ship & steamboat Pumps, and a great variety of others which will be fitted in the best manner and warranted not to fail, until worn out.

A large supply of LEAD PIPE kept on hand, which will be fitted to order in any style that may be desired.

A large assortment of such articles as are usually found in an establishment of this kind on hand for sale. All kinds of Job Work will be carefully attended to on the most reasonable terms. Orders left at the store will be executed with dispatch.

A share of public patronage is solicited and the most ample satisfaction will be given. Store second door north of the Custom House.

Newport, 1850. NATHAN M. CHAFFEE.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having purchased the entire interest of the late SILAS WARD, dec., in the SOAP & CANDLE FACTORY, would give notice to his friends and to the public generally, that they will continue to carry on the business at the old stand No. 6 Sherman street, where they will be glad to serve their friends and the public with as good articles as can be found and at as reasonable prices.

WM. G. & GEO. S. WARD.

Newport, April 6, 1850.—tf.

ERNEST GOFFE,

Manufacturer and Dealer in every kind of

Cabinet Furniture,

Chairs, Looking Glasses, Bedsteads of all kinds, Locking Glasses, Looking Glass Plates, Willow Ware, Curled Hair, &c. &c.

FURNITURE

manufactured to order, of the best material and workmanship, cheap for Cash, satisfactory evidence of which will be given to any one calling

At No. 28 Bridge Street.

Coffins of all Descriptions.

Newport, March 16, 1850.

BLACK Doe Skin; Cold do do; Tweed's Cash

Merette; Kentucky Jeans; Linen Drilling and Plain Cotton Goods for Summer wear.

—ALSO—

Bleached, Half Bleached, and Unbleached Sheet and Shirting, at reasonable prices, at

JAMES H. HAMMETT'S.

TO LET.

THE MANSION HOUSE, with all the stand

ing Furniture, late the residence of Robert Johnson, Esq., near Easton's Beach. The House contains five Rooms, including the attic, with an old Kitchen, a good Coach House, Barn, &c. And can have a few acres of Land if required. For further particulars, inquire of

ISAAC GOULD,

No. 70 Thames street.

March 9.]

Tea! Tea!! Tea!!!

GREEN & Black Teas, superior flavor and warranted genuine. A fine assortment of the above may be found at Young's, and at prices as low as can be bought in Newport; those that want a first-rate article at a low price, will do well to give us a call. A good article of Gunpowder Tea, at the low price of 50 cents.

H. H. YOUNG, Park Saloon.

June 8.]

R. J. TAYLOR has removed to the OLD

STAND, No. 102 Thames street.

T. W. WOOD, M.D.

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.

Office No. 192—Residence 105 Thames St.

Commissioner's & Administrator's

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the town of Newport, commissioners to receive and examine the claims against the estate of

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

late of Newport, dec., represented insolvent, hereby give public notice that six months from this date, are allowed the creditors of said estate to present and prove their several claims, and that we will meet at the store of John W. Davis & Son, on the second Saturdays of December, 1850, and January and February 1851, at 2 o'clock P.M., for the purpose of examining and deciding on the same.

PETER P. REMINGTON, } Comm'rs.

ISAAC BURDICK, } Comm'rs.

JOHN W. DAVIS, } Comm'rs.

All persons indebted to said ESTATE are requested to make immediate payment to

MARY MENZIES, Administratrix.

SARDINES IN OIL, for sale by

NEWTON BROTHERS,

June 8.

BLEACHED COTTONS.—Eighteen yards for a dollar— for sale by

F. LAWTON & BROS.

October 26, 1850.

Table & Dairy Salt.

THE PACIFIC ROCK SALT Co., having perfected their arrangements for cleaning and grinding Pure Rock Salt for Table and Dairy use, are prepared to furnish the trade with it in packages of every description at the lowest rates. The objections heretofore made by consumers of Ground Rock Salt, on account of the impurities it contains, will no longer apply to salt manufactured at this establishment, as every particle of it is perfectly cleansed before grinding. For samples and terms apply at the office 109 Broad street, New York.

N. B.—Unwashed Ground Rock Salt, the description usually sold in this market, furnished to order at reduced rates.

E. RANSOM.

August 10, 1850.

TO LET

A LARGE TWO STORY HOUSE,

well arranged for one or two families with good cellar, good well of water, wood houses and other conveniences. Pleasantly situated at the corner of Caleb Earl st. near the head of Broad street.

Apply to

W. D. STEWART.

October 28, 1850.

SELLING OFF.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers his entire stock of Dry Goods for Cash, at prices that cannot fail to be satisfactory to every purchaser.

H. SESSIONS.

October 12, 1850.

NARRAGANSETT DYE HOUSE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

WM. E. & H. E. DODGE, PROPRIETORS.

Office for receiving and delivering Goods

No. 81, South Main Street.

WHERE all kinds of Dyeing, Cleaning and

degreasing, and from 25 to 40 per cent. cheaper than any other establishment in the United States.

WE DYE AND FINISH

Every description of Ladies and Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel in a style not to be equalled in the Country.

WE ALSO CLEANSE and finish Ladies' Cashmere, Merino and other Shawls, Gentlemen's Coats, Pants and Vests, Piano and Table clothes, Carpet Rags, Blankets, &c. &c., AND BLEACH Marcellite Quilts, Counterpanes and Table Linens.

YARNS both Woolen and Cotton, Dyed all shades and colors.

HATS AND BONNETS, Leghorn, Straw, Chip, and Braided, Dyed, Bleached and Pressed with a superior finish.

Messrs. LANGLEY & NORMAN, 105 THAMES STREET, Newport, are Agents for the above establishment.

April 13, 1850.—tf.

TIMELY HINTS TO ALL.

To Strangers, Citizens and the Ladies especially.

PARENTS.

READER, if you are still blessed with parents, who are yet in good health, and no artist's pencil has truly traced the lineaments of his or her familiar face or form, you may well act the part of wisdom to advise or persuade them to visit without delay, Williams' Daguerreotype Rooms, corner of Thames street and Washington Square, and have their miniatures taken in his superior style of art.

FRIENDS.

If you have a mutual friend, in whose welfare you feel an interest, and your kind feelings are reciprocated, that friend will value, as a precious memorial your Daguerreotype Miniature, if taken in Williams' peculiar style.

CHILDREN.

If you are a parent—what would you not give for a correct and perfect likeness of yourself, taken when a child? It would show the effects of time, and call up many happy remembrances. This pleasure you can now grant to your children—and should they be snatched from you by the hand of death, your possession of their Daguerreotype Miniatures, if taken by a good artist, will afford you sweet consolation.

TO ALL.

How many have lost a father, a mother, a sister, a brother, or an innocent little prattling child—and have not even the shadow of a resemblance to look upon. After the separation some little toy or a trilling article of apparel, is often kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance how much more valuable would be one of Williams' perfect Daguerreotype Miniatures of "the loved and lost."

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation, uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, what would I not give for such a picture of my friend!"

Reader, perhaps you cannot do a better thing now, while your mind is upon the subject, than take an hour or two, and go by yourself, or with your family, or your friends, and visit the only artist in our town; and if not now, you may, a some future period have reason to feel grateful for these "gentle hints" from

J. A. WILLIAMS, Daguerreotype Artist.

Oct. 26, 1850.

AMERICAN ART-UNION.

(Incorporated for the promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States.)

THE GALLERY, (497 Broadway, N. Y.) is now open to the public, from 6 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M. Admission Free.

The walls are hung with upwards of Thirty thousand PAINTINGS, already purchased for distribution. The number will be increased as the subscription list advances. Twenty copies in bronze of the Faltreize, a graceful statuette by Brown; six bronze busts of Washington by Kneeland; marble Statuette and bronze Medals, &c. &c. are also among the works to be distributed.

Members of 1850 for each subscription of five dollars, in addition to the share in the distribution of the above works, are entitled to a set of the following works of Art, viz:

1. To such members of the Monthly Bulletin as may be issued after the date of their respective subscriptions. This is an illustrated publication, each No. containing 16 pages of three columns each of reading matter relating to Art.

11. To a Print from the fine Line Engraving by Bart, from Leslie's celebrated painting of Anne Page, Slender and Shallow—size 204 by 164 inches.

12. To a set of five Engravings in Line, executed in the highest style, after Cole's Dream of Arcadia, Emond's New Scholar, Letz's Image Breaker, Durand's Dyer's Plate, and Womville's Card Players. Sizes 74 by 10 inches each.

JACOB WEAVER, No. 2 Oak Row.

Honorary Secretary for Newport.

September 14.

FLOUR.

800 BBL'S. Superfine and Extra Family FLOUR, all from new Wheat, landing from sloop Rienzi & Vigilant, and for sale cheap by

NEWTON BROTHERS.

October 26, 1

TABLE COVERS, CARPETS, COUNTERPAINES AND BLANKETS—CLEANSED.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his friends and the public that he will cleanse in the best manner, at short notice and on the most reasonable terms, all the Linen, Carpets, Counterpanes, Blankets, Table Covers, &c. &c. Persons in Newport wishing his services as above, may leave their articles at the store of EDWARD STANHOPE, in Broad street, or at JOHN C. ALLMAN'S, in Spring street, or by leaving their address, articles will be taken at their dwellings, and returned to them when finished. All favors thankfully received.

THOMAS GOULD.

Portsmouth, April 27, 1850.—6m.

Notice

THE undersigned, Assignees of SAMPSON BELL and CHARLES E. BELL, will pay a Dividend on all claims allowed by them, on and after TUESDAY, the first day of October next.

PELEG CLARKE, } Assignees.

J. S. MUNKO, } Assignees.

Newport, Sept 21, 1850.

THE BAY STATE COOKING STOVE,

Together with all the New Patterns of Coal Stoves, are for sale at the Stove Depot of

WM. H. BLISS.

Oct. 5.]

Caution to the Public.

It is now some eight years since the Tea Business, as an exclusive business, was commenced by Fletcher & Co., in this city, during which time the Establishment has flourished beyond expectation. They have furnished their customers with both Teas and Coffees at prices less than other dealers could buy,—which has caused numerous imitations of their stores, some of which imitations have closed; others are still lingering on, using our name, and by this means imposing upon the public, and it is to prevent this

GROSS DECEPTION,

that the New England Tea Company, of Boston, have determined to change the name of their store in Providence, which will henceforth be known by the name of the NEW ENGLAND TEA COMPANY.

Remember that the only Stores of the Old Original Tea Company are at 54 Westminster St., Providence, and 130 Washington St., Boston, and are distinguished by the name of the

New England T Company,

TO FAMILIES.

they offer, in 6 lb. boxes, lined, and rendered in previous to the air,

NEW SEASON TEAS,

6 pounds Sonongong \$1.80 1.92 2.10

6 " Extra Oolong 2.40 2.70 3.00

6 " Ningyong 2.10 2.40 2.70

6 " Young Hyson 2.40 2.70 3.00

6 " Old Hyson 2.10 2.70 3.00

6 " Gunpowder 3.00 3.30 4.20

6 " Imperial 3.00 3.30 4.20

6 " Hyson Skin 1.80 2.10 2.70

Upon application to the New England Tea Company, Boston, Dealers can obtain teas on the most favorable terms, and in packages of every size.—Orders by Express promptly attended to.

New England Tea Company,

130 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

54 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

August 10, 18